

LOWELL DECL. EX. 79

Exhibit 111

SHATSKY-003325-T

Once there was...

Raed Nazzal “Abu al-Asir”



By a liberated prisoner/ Tulkarm

Shahid [martyr] Raed Nazzal

Shall we tell you about his beautiful childhood and how they drove it to the Auschwitz slaughterhouse? How they fenced its beautiful gardens with a thousand walls, a thousand doors and a thousand guard dogs?

How they chained his gentle arms with iron cuffs and drove him off his beautiful playgrounds in the neighborhoods, farms and groves of Qalqilya to the darkness of the night and the chill of the dungeons? How they stole a guava from his mouth and gave him a crumb of a bun and a bowl of poor soup?

They took away his innocent childhood to kill the beauty in it, they burned it, crucified it. They tried to assassinate it with the kicks of their military boots, but because their hatred is blind they did not realize that they were causing a million beautiful songs, a million orchards from the orchards of the Galilee, and a thousand walls like the walls of Acre full of courage, strength and firmness, to gush forth inside his little heart. They did not know that they had caused a million children to grow up, play, dream, and dance the dance of the northern wind inside his little heart, in the beautiful chamber of love. And like the children of the camp, they want to grow up so that they could own a rifle...

This happened when they arrested him for the second time. He was fourteen-years-old, and they threw him into the darkness of the night for thirteen months. There he learned the history of Canaan and the art of the alphabet. He got to know of al-Qassam, al-Hakim,

Abu Ammar and Abu Jihad. He knew Kanafani on his return to Haifa.¹ He knew Al-Khawaja while writing the scream of defiance in the dungeons of death, planting *Basiqa*² for steadfastness, and dropping a body in the gardens of the thirty who kept the secrets of their comrades. He knew two Guevaras: one in defiant Cuba, singing to the oppressed the song of liberty, and the other in Gaza, the city of Hashim, sowing death to the occupier in the space of

¹ Translator's note: The author probably refers to Ghassan Kanafani's "Returning to Haifa".

² Translator's note: This is probably a misspelled word, as it has no meaning in Arabic.

SHATSKY-003325-T (continued)

our land. They did not give him a long time after his release to enjoy the sunlight; they arrested him again when he was fifteen-years-old and sentenced him to five years in jail.

Abu al-Asir grew up in this place that was meant to be for him like the bottom of a well and the embodiment of darkness, but along with his prison companions and the army of the brave free pioneers of our Palestinian people who challenged the darkness of the night, they turned the castles of darkness into trenches of light. They lit the castles and built out of the fires in their hearts a thousand lighthouses that reflect their legacy and the legacy of their people's civilization, culture and struggle as well as their right to life. The death prisons became schools for the values of giving and perception and for sharpening them, and for sacrifice and continuation of the path of the *shuhada* [martyrs] and the way of al-Qassam, Abd al-Qadir al-Husseini, Arafat, Habash, Kanafani, and the path of the Palestinian dream towards salvation, liberation, building our future country and returning to it. [The Zionists had to take] a thousand considerations into account. They feared his giant body and his strong arms that were capable of breaking their necks by a single, quick fatal blow. They also had to consider his solid will, his obstinacy, his courage and his angry glances. They feared his word because he did what he said and fulfilled what he promised.

The task of protecting organizational papers and capsules was a tough task one struggled to fulfill. The common practice was that the prisoner would die but not hand a paper or a capsule down to the [prison authority]. Protecting the capsules was a feature of heroism.

This was the case only because these papers were a manifestation of the strength of the organizational substrate which is the most important substrate in the life of the prisoner movement and its fractions.

Raed was stubborn when confronting his enemies, and stubborn when racing and competing to occupy the position of the leader and the decision maker. He had always possessed the will necessary for this position and had a sense of the duty and the role that the courageous leader should assume... He was a genius leader for an army of comrades, working day and night and drinking brine so that he could stay awake at night and write a circular, a statement, a directive, a leaflet, a report, a paper for a seminar or for a study session, a political analysis, an issue of an educational magazine, or in order to review a security report, encrypt information on a capsule, or to correspond with other prisoner movements in other prisons in order to keep in touch, to coordinate and to lead an army of prisoners extended over dozens of prisons, dozens of wards, and hundreds of cells. He worked like a bee without forgetting himself, his body or his soul. He dedicated a part of his time to exercising, another to learning, another to writing, and a lot of time to mitigate the pain of his comrades and to play with them and create a humorous atmosphere to help them feel alive and strong... He did not forget to dedicate a lot of time to spend next to the lofty sheikh Abu Rif'at, of blessed and immortal memory, ensuring his comfort, washing him up in a ritual full of childish joy, charging his memory that was collapsing under the hammer of Alzheimer... He was the beloved person of Abu Rifa't, his second heart and his arm.

SHATSKY-003325-T (continued)

He loved his comrade prisoners so much. As a sign of his loyalty to them he named his firstborn and beloved only child *Asir* [Arabic for prisoner], taking pride in prisoners, exalting and glorifying them.

He was exalted with this beautiful, lovely agnomen [Abu al-Asir, Arabic for “Father of the Prisoner”], and also because the prisoner is the soul mate of the free person. For Raed, being in prison is freedom, and its most sublime degree is the love for the sun...

When Raed was released in 1999, he moved from one trench of steadfastness and resistance where he stayed with his companion leaders, cadres and all prisoners, to another trench of resistance, communication and giving... He inflicted to the enemy painful, fatal blows during the Al-Aqsa Intifada... He sowed in the streets of their racial hatred the true meaning of horror and fear. He exposed the weak points of this tyrant entity, the fragility of its existence, the impossibility of its survival, and the impossibility of its enjoying security and survival one generation after the other until it is removed from our sky, from our space and from our land... For Raed, the assassination of Abu Ali Mustafa will not go unpunished, neither will the Jenin Massacre in which most of his comrades and prison companions were killed... He will not allow the tears of the *shuhada* [martyrs] children that have not dried in his eyes yet but to be a hard blow to the occupation...

SHATSKY-003326-T

There will be a place for his long oppressed dream... Qualitative resistance operations will make the occupation understand what oppression is... Raed engaged in battle, and guided few of the comrades and *shuhada* [martyrs] who carried out the most beautiful and the brightest of heroic operations... Raed went on planning qualitative operations to teach the enemy a lesson until the *Ghaseb* [rapist] enemy overcame him and assassinated him in a heroic battle that was a legendary tale of sacrifice. He ordered his comrades to withdraw and protected them with his body and with his bullets that did not cease until he became a *shahid* [martyr]... Dreaming of his Asir [his son], his future and his present; Dreaming about [his son,] the apple of his eye, that embodies in his name his [father's] life story and in his future the thousands of dreams that he [the father] did not have enough time to achieve, and a future that he wanted to be better for him and for all the children of Palestine. He left in order to fulfill a part of this dream.


Raed left but he remained alive in the trenches of imprisonment, in the hearts of his comrades, in their will, in their fists while facing the oppression of the jailer and following the quick steps of Raed. Raed fell in April, the month he loved because it symbolizes fertility, abundance and spring. His crimson blood was another garden that gave the anemone coronaria flowers their beautiful red color, and the flags in the sky of our country their dark color... Raed left so that he could join the immortals... He is immortal in the conscience of each Palestinian, and in the dreams of Asir, who does not accept his departure and who looks for him in his food, drink and medications... One wishes to see another Raed embodying himself in Asir, who inherited from

SHATSKY-003326-T (continued)

him the meaning of leadership, and who will bring this meaning out thanks to the circumstances in which he grows up and thanks to the characteristics of his personality... This will create a qualitative, dreamy, creative Raed, who defends, fights, hates oppression and seeks freedom and justice...

Asir, who sings proud songs of his father, will fulfill the dreams he wished for him...

Raed...	Asir is here
Your body left but you left a message behind	And there are hundred thousand consciences
Your dreams shine in the eyes of your Asir	And there is a generation lifting your flag
Your liveliness shows in his small body	Living the childhood that you have not lived yet
Rest in peace, comrade	Riding the dreams that you have not ridden yet

<p>Prisoner Number 5497</p> <p>There are a thousand years between freedom and me</p> <p>Do not fear my looks</p> <p>For I am the handsome man who...</p> <p>Come closer...</p> <p>Are you still not sure</p> <p>How to shake hands with my dream</p> <p>It is dead... Don't you know yet?</p> <p>I am now the remains of the man I used to be.</p> <p>***</p> <p>You look at my beard that is hanging</p> <p>Over the wall of Jerusalem</p> <p>And my nails that cling to my land</p> <p>You think that I am a monster</p> <p>Dirty</p> <p>Because I grew here like an oak</p> <p>Do not be afraid...</p>	<p>Najat Zbayer*</p>  <p>A man who never stoops</p> <p>All the tribes awake in my body</p> <p>My maps reveal death as if I were the prince of madness.</p> <p>My mother says.</p> <p>Come, hover over my reflections</p> <p>So that you can come closer to the wounds of the shelling</p> <p>No... No. Tell me about the sky</p> <p>Is it in my land still blue?</p> <p>And the children, are they playing</p> <p>Or are they carrying stones and crying?</p>
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<p>SHATSKY-003326-T (continued)</p> <p>Come and I will tell you about myself</p> <p>Or did I bore you?</p> <p>You wear a French perfume</p> <p>And I roll my sorrow</p> <p>With water and soil</p> <p>Do you think that I am raving?</p> <p>Touch my palm</p> <p>To read about the flood of the dead bodies</p> <p>But, by God, where did you come from?</p> <p>All voices and signs</p> <p>Wear their coffins</p> <p>Let me whisper into that which wraps your wounds</p> <p>That I am the far-away <i>shahid</i> [martyr]</p> <p>The jailer says:</p> <p>“Tomorrow you will read the prologue of freedom and then sleep”.</p> <p>I waited for years</p> <p>I dyed my eyelashes with pain</p> <p>Here is my back... Count the signs of the international whips on it</p> <p>How many trenches that know no peace can you find?!</p> <p>My beloved woman said once</p> <p>That I am a child who knows how to cry well</p> <p>She does not know that I became</p>	<p>Calm down between all the corners</p> <p>And tell me what all this anger is for?</p> <p>Is it because I am the prisoner that hears no singing</p> <p>Because the rhythm of the war haunts us all</p> <p>And all you remember is dancing with your beautiful beloved?!</p> <p>***</p> <p>I did not hear your voice while you were walking backward</p> <p>Trying to escape with cowardice that does not suit the noble</p> <p>Oh jailer, get out from the garbage of fear</p> <p>Leave and tell them that I...</p> <p>Belong to the dynasty of great men.</p> <p>-----</p> <p>* A poet, a literary critic and a journalist from Morocco</p>
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Original



بقلم أسير محرر/ طولكرم



الشهيد رائد نزال

وجسده وروحه، كان رائد ينظم وقتاً للرياضة ووقتاً للدراسة ووقتاً آخر للكتابة وأوقاتاً كثيرة للتخفيف عن رفاقة ومداعبتهم وخلق لجوء المرح كي يشعرهم أنهم أحياء أقوياء.. ولا ينسى أوقاتاً كثيرة يقضيها جانب الشيخ الجليل أبو رفعت له المجد والخلود يسهر على راحته ويدب على تغسيلة في مراسيم من الفرح الطفولي، ويدب على شحن ذاكرته التي كانت تتهاوى تحت سندان الزهايمر... كان حبيب أبو رفعت وقلبه الثاني وساعده.

كان يعيش رفاقه الأسرى وتخليداً لوفائه لهم سمى بكره وولده الوحيد الحبيب سمّا أسير اعتزازاً بالأسير وتمجيذاً وسموا.

ورفعة بهذا اللقب الجميل الحبيب ولأن الأسير هو توأم الحر فالأسير في وعي رائد هو الحرية ودرجة سامية منها هي عشق الشمس...

حين تحرر رائد عام 1999 كان ينتقل من خندق للصمود والمقاومة شهده مع زملائه قادة وكوادر وعموم الأسرى إلى خندق جديد للمقاومة والتواصل والعتاء... وجه للعدو في انتفاضة الأقصى ضربات مؤلة مميتة... زرع في شوارع حقدهم العنصري معاني الرعب والخوف وكشف لهم عورات هذا الكيان الطاغوي وهشاشة وجوده واستحالة بقائه واستحالة أن ينعم بالأمن والحضور جيلاً بعد جيل إلى أن يزول من سمائنا من فضائنا ومن أرضنا... لن يمر اغتيال ابا علي مصطفى مرور الكرام لا ولن تمر مذبحه جنين التي ذهب فيها معظم رفاقه وزملائه الأسرى مروراً سليماً على الاحتلال في ذهن رائد... لن يسمح لدمعات الشهداء الأطفال التي لم تجف من جفونه بالآ

كان هناك ...

رائد نزال « أبو الأسير »

هل نحدثكم عن طفولته الجميلة
كيف ساقوها إلى مسلخ الأوشفت
كيف سوروا حدائقها البهية
بالف جدار وألف باب وألف كلب
حراسة؟؟؟

كيف كبلوا سواعده الرقيقة بالحديد وساقوه من ملاعبه الجميلة في حارات قلقيلية وبيادرها وبيارتها إلى عتمة الليل وبرودة الأقبية؟ كيف سرقوا من فمه حبة الجوافا يعطوه كسرة من خبز الفينو وصحن شوربة فقير.

أخذوا طفولته البريئة، كي يقتلوا فيه البهاء، حرقوها صلبوها حاولوا اغتيالها بركلات بساطيرهم لكنهم ولأن حقدهم أعمى لم يدركوا أنهم قد فجروا في قلبه الصغير مليون أغنية جميلة، مليون بستان من بساتين الجليل، ألف سور مثل سور عكا يزخر بالشجاعة والصلابة والثبات... لم يعرفوا أنهم انبتوا في قلبه الصغير في حجرة الحب الجميلة مليون طفل يلعبون يلعبون يرقصون رقصة الريح الشمالية، ومثل أطفال المخيم يأملون أن يكبروا كي تصير لهم بندقية...

كان ذلك عندما اعتقلوه للمرة الثانية وهو في الرابعة عشر من عمره ليصلبوه هناك في عتمة الليل ثلاثة عشر شهراً، تعلم هناك تاريخ كنعان وفن الأبجدية، تعرّف إلى القسام وإلى الحكيم وأبو عمار وأبو جهاد، عرف كنفاني وهو يعود إلي حيفا، عرف الخواجا وهو يكتب صرخة التحدي في اقبية الموت فيزرع باشقة للصمود ويسقط جسداً في رياض الثلاثين الحافظين أسرار الرفاق، عرف جيفارين: واحد في كوبا التحدي ينشد للمظلومين أغنية التحرر، وواحد في غزة هاشم يزرع الموت للمحتل في فضاء بلاندا، لم يمهله طويلاً بعد التحرر، لم يمهله طفولته البهية كي تستعيد ربيعها المسلوب ولم يمهله لكي يعب من الشمس ضياءً كثيرة، فاعتقلوه مرة أخرى وهو في الخامسة عشرة من عمره ليحكموا عليه بالسجن خمسة اعوام.

شب هناك أبو الأسير أرادوها له غياية جب وغيتها من ظلام، ولكنه ورفاق اسره وجيش



السجين رقم 5497

نجاة الزباير*



رجلاً لا يعرف الانحناء.
في جسدي تستيقظ كل القبائل
خراطيني موت وكأني أمير للجئون
تقول أمي.
هيا تفضل فوق هجسي
لتجاور جوارح القصف
لا .. لا حدثني عن السماء
هل في بلادي ما تزال زرقاء؟
والأطفال تراهم يلعبون
أهم يحملون الحجارة ويصرخون؟
هيا التقط أنفاسك بين كل الزوايا
وقل لي لم كل هذا الغضب؟
ألأني السجين الذي لا يسمع الغناء
لأن إيقاع الحرب يتقمصنا بلا استثناء
وأنت تتذكر الرقص مع حبيبته الحسناء؟

لم أسمع صوتك وأنت تمشي للوراء
تحاول الهروب بجبن لا يليق بالنبلاء
أيها السجان أخرجته من قمامة الذعر
أرحل وقل لهم بأني
رجل من سلالة العظماء.

*شاعرة وناقدة وصحفية من المغرب

بيني وبين الحرية ألف عام
لا تخف من شكلي
فأنا الوسيط الذي ...
اقترب أكثر.
لتسمع مدني تعوي
هل مازلت تتريدد
كيف تصافح خلقي
مات.. ألم تعرف بعد؟
أنا بقايا رجل كان.

تنظر للحيتي المعلقة
فوق جدار القدس
وأظفاري التي تمسك بأرضي
تظنني مسخاً
مُسخاً
لأني نبت هنا شجر سنديان
لا تخف ..
تعالى أحكى لك عني
أنت تراك ملكت مني؟
أنت مُعطّر بالعطر الفرنسي
وأنا ألف أحراني
من ماء وتراب
تظن أن أرميتي تهني
المس كفي
لتقرأ عن طوفان الجثث
لكن برك من أين أتيت؟
كل الأصوات والإشارات
تلبس أكفانها

دعني أهمس في قميص جروحك
بأني أنا القصي الشهيد.
يقول السجان :

غداً ستقرأ فاتحة الحرية وتنام.

انتظرت من سنين
فكحلت أهداً بالآلام
هاك ظهري لحسب سياطه الأُممية
كم تجد من أخايد لا تعرف السلام؟
قالت حبيبتي يوماً
بأني طفل يحسن البكاء
ولم تعرف بأني غدوت

تكون ضربة قاسية على الاحتلال .. سيكون
هناك مكاناً لحلمه الذي كبر قهره ... عمليات
مقاومة نوعية تفهم الاحتلال كيف القهر
يكون... قاتل رائد وقاد قلة من الرفاق والشهداء
الذين قاموا بأروع وأرهى العمليات البطولية...
خطط رائد لعمليات نوعية تلقن الاحتلال
درساً حتى نال منه العدو الغاصب فاغتاله
في معركة بطولية هي بحد ذاتها حكاية فداء
اسطورية حين أمر رائد رفاقه بالانسحاب وراح
يدافع عن انسحابهم بجسده وطلقاته التي
لم تسكت حتى سقط شهيداً... حالماً بأسيره
ومستقبله وحاضره... وحالماً بذاته في فلذه
كبد الذي جسد في اسمه مسيرة حياته وفي
تاريخ مستقبله اطنان احلامه التي لم يطوق
تنفيذها بعد ومستقبل حلم بأن يكون افضل
له ولكل أطفال فلسطين ورحل ليترجم جزءاً من
هذا الحلم.

رحل رائد لكنه ظل حياً في خنادق الأسر في
قلوب الرفاق في إرادتهم في قبضاتهم وهم
يواجهون سطوة السجان ويحثون الخطى
على درب رائد... سقط رائد في نيسان الذي
أحبه لأنه رمز الخصب والعطاء والربيع فكان
دمه الأرجواني روضة أخرى تعطي للحنون
ولشقائق النعمان ألوانها الحمراء الزاهية
وللرايات في سماء بلادنا لونها القاني...
رحل رائد لكي يظل مع الخالدين... خالداً في
ضمير كل فلسطيني وفي احلام أسير الذي
يرفض رحيله ويتنظر أن يظهر فيه كما هو في
غذائه وشرابه ودوائه ... ينتظر ان يظهر رائداً
آخر في شخص أسيره الذي حمل منه معاني
الريادة وسجبلها في كينونة نشأته ومقومات
شخصه لتبرق رائداً نوعياً حالماً مبدعاً مدافعاً
مقاتلاً كارها للظلم ناشداً للعدالة والحرية ...
أسير الذي ينشد أناشيد الفخر بوالده سينشد
احلامه فيه...

رائد...

رحلت جسداً وخلدت رسالة
أحلامك تبرق في عيون أسيرك
وحيويتك تنطق من جسده الصغير
نم قرير العين يا رفيق
فهناك أسير
وهناك مئة ألف ضمير
وهناك جيلاً حاملاً لرايتك
يعيش طفولتك التي لم تعيشها بعد
ويمتطي أحلامك التي لم تمتطيها بعد